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TAVERN NIGHT

Next week's Tavern Night will be at the The Modest Damsel at 56o 25'S, 166o 13'E in Magincia, Trammel on 07/25/11.

CURRENT NEWS

MUSEUM OF DEATH SUFFERS POOR FATE

Tragedy struck Saturday, when flames erupted from the Museum of the Macabre during its grand opening to the public. Patrons were escorted to safety as bucket brigades battled the conflagration to no avail. Those loyal to the museum's curator, managed to rescue all but a decorative cabinet from the burning structure. Investigators are questioning witnesses on an alleged individual fleeing the scene of the event.

WAR HERO VINDICATED

Today marks a triumphant day for an unsung hero whose name was finally vindicated and came about as a result of some very unusual circumstances. While browsing an antiquities shop, Thomas Brower discovered a carved figurine in uniform that strongly resembled himself. What followed, was a personal quest that would eventually

clear his father's name. Thomas' father, Marcus Brower had long suffered the stigma of having been named a deserter in the war against Minax's forces and he and his family would endure the slurs of the locals, calling him a coward and a traitor. Sadly, Marcus claimed that he could not recall what happened in those days, and those facts would remain shrouded in mystery until the discovery of the figurine. The carving was that of his own father, Thomas had learned from the shop owner, as well as the name of artist who had created it.

Thomas then travelled to meet with the artist, who was a survivor of the massacre at Paws. When the artist discovered with whom he was speaking, he promised to make a concerted effort to locate other survivors, so that the story could be told. And what a story it was. When Corporal Brower arrived at Paws 35 years prior, he was a scout sent on a mission to report back enemy troop numbers and armament. Slipping past enemy patrols and guards, he came upon a hamlet with survivors numbering no more than 30, as Minax's troops systematically eliminated anyone deemed a possible threat. The remainder were those with no martial training; tailors, cooks, artists, etc. It was those individuals that he would secretly rally to use their own knowledge and talents to deliver a crushing blow against the town's occupiers and

avenge the deaths of the slaughtered villagers.

Enemy forces in Paws were gathering as a spearhead against Trinsic. In the time that he remained concealed in the village, Brower was able to coordinate several acts of covert sabotage.

Working with the miller, they let slip a concealed location cache of deliberately tainted grain, which the enemy forces were willing to utilize for their own rations. With the assistance of a local artist, Brower had maps drawn to replace the ones the enemy would be using to coordinate the attack against Trinsic.

Heavy seige equipment and calvary would be bogged down in swamps not appearing on the new maps. Travel routes would pass through lizardmen encampments. When the spearhead was launched a smaller retinue remained behind as a safety measure. Brower's luck did not hold out as he was captured following an inspection of the village, resulting in a brutal interrogation that rendered him comatose.

Inspired by Brower's example, the village tailor fabricated two uniforms closely modeling the ones worn by the occupying forces. Two volunteers donned the uniforms and attempted to carry the injured scout to a safe location, but were unable to carry him past enemy lines, due to guards posted around the perimeter of town. The town's coffinmaker proposed the unique solution of placing Brower's unconscious body

in a coffin, and conspicuously carrying the coffin for burial outside the town limits. However, guards insisted upon accompanying the burial party, and Marcus Brower was buried and remained so for 2 days, when two villagers slipped past the posted guards in the night and were able to disinter him. The two faithfully delivered their charge to a nearby hermitage, where he was presumed to have been treated for his injuries.

The two men returned from their errand back to the village so as not to arouse suspicion. Soon afterwards, the spearhead failed, the war ended, and the people of Paws often wondered whatever happened to the hero who came to their village.

BROWNIES MIX UP TROUBLE IN YEW

Brownie workers are in custody after a string of incidents following their departure from their previous employment with a popular footwear firm. By a consensus, the idle band decided to try their hand at an entirely new business enterprise, when Yew foresters discovered the group attempting to haul an oven into a yew tree, which had been conveniently carved out for the purposes of establishing a cookie factory. The brownies asserted that they attempted to go through proper channels but were thwarted at every turn. However, town locals countered that the devious group made every attempt to circumvent proper procedure, even

going so far as listing their business as "elven run" to curry favor with Heartwood denizens. Nana the sweet at the Jolly Baker pointed at a framed scroll on wall of her bakery as she stated. "This is a charter from Lord British, himself, for this establishment to serve as Yew's provisioner of baked goods, and we meet the needs of this town quite adequately without having to jockey against a bunch of foreigners, thank you very much." Eric Flamell, a resident woodsman had been cutting firewood, when he confronted the brownies during a previous attempt to gut out one of the ancient, giant yews. The woodcutter who was livid, expressed concern that their reckless activities might compromise a key support keeping Heartwood aloft, resulting in unnecessary elven casualties; threatening to report them to the foresters if they persisted. But the warning went unheeded, and they moved on to yet another location to pursue their obsession. In the aftermath, foresters felt that a horrible tragedy had been averted with ovens, trees, and feckless feys making a sure recipe for disaster.

Legal counsel has prepared an amnesty deal for the brownie group, provided that they never return to the region. The chief spokesman for the brownie group seemed affable to the deal and is looking at future prospects of converting ore carts into concession stands for the hungry

lunch crowds in the
mining town of Minoc.

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Good Day, Readers,
My name is Corinthian,
and as one of the
writers of the Yew
Times,
I'd like to dedicate this
segment to a very close
personal friend of mine,
my virtue armor, who
gets picked on all the
time. So today, I wrote a
song about him.

Oh, virtue armor, you
can't wait to assist.
You give me 70 in every
resist. And no other
armor will I ever don,
because you sparkle for
me when I put you on.
You're full of virtue, all
righteous and pure a
hundred percent blessed;
no need to insure
You've always been there,
right at my side

and waiting in my pack
whenever I've died.
I save tons of gold on
any repairs. because you
fix yourself; no other
armor compares
You are full plate armor
that won't make a sound,
and give me away when I
sneak around. In order to
complete you, I had to go
on a quest, and as far
as quests go, it was the
best. It had sex and
adventure, and even
romance, And I'd do it
again, if I had the
chance. Oh, virtue armor,
you are awesome.

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